

We enter the story in Part 2, when Harry has just transmatted down to Voga with the unconscious Sarah in his arms. The process dispels the poison from her system, just as the Doctor said it would, and Sarah wakes up, fully recovered. Characteristically, and just as on screen, she has a little whinge about Harry bellowing in her ear like a foghorn. Harry is mildly indignant that this is the thanks he gets for saving her life, and Sarah has the good grace to pipe down. So far, so televised, though in my version there may also be a slight edge from the events of a few episodes back: Sarah certainly doesn't want to repeat her experience at Harry's hands in the Skaro storage room!

But now we're going to make a very slight adjustment. Harry explains that all they have to do is wait in the transmat circle for the Doctor to beam them back up. It's Sarah who spots the gold and goes off in excitement while Harry tries to call her back. 'What female heart can gold despise,' he quotes under his breath while she rhapsodizes about all the beautiful jewelry she will be able to afford when they get back home. So it's Harry who makes the vital point that the gold doesn't belong to them.

'It doesn't belong to anyone,' retorts Sarah. 'This place looks completely uninhabited.' She feels her combat pants, wishing they were baggier, with more capacious pockets that she could stuff full of golden nuggets.

'Now come on, Sarah. We really must get back to the transmat ring. The Doctor'll be worried.' He takes her gently by the elbow and tries to steer her back.

'Geroff!' says Sarah, and takes a swipe at him. The impact echoes around the cave. The slapped face brings her to her senses: with a sharp intake of breath she realizes what she has done.

'That does it, my girl,' says Harry, picking her up bodily and slinging her over his shoulder. 'It's going to have to be another spanking for you!'

He carries her back to the transmat and sets her down. Keeping a grip on her left wrist, he takes a seat on one of the globes, making sure to face inward so that they will be inside the circle if the Doctor should activate the beam. Then he turns her over his knee. Sarah squeals. She squeals some more as Harry lands a crisp fusillade of slaps on her bottom, snug inside her camouflage pants.

'Let me go!' SMACK! 'Ouch! Stop it!' SMACK!! 'Owwwww! If you don't stop...' SMACK!!! 'Yeouch! Harry, I swear I'll...' SMACK!!!! 'Owwwwwww!! Just you wait...' SMACK!!!! 'Yeowwwwww! Harry, please!' SMACK!!!!!! 'Owwwwwww!!!'

Sarah struggles and her booted feet vainly kick at the air, but the spanking goes on, and the cave echoes loudly with the mixed noise of slaps and screams. And then a new highpitched sound pierces the air, and a shower of fine debris falls

from above across Harry and Sarah. His palm comes down hard again onto the seat of her combat pants, knocking out the dusting of shiny particles that have just fallen from the roof. Both look up to see a squadron of Vogan militia advancing on them

‘There’s one thing you got wrong about this place, old girl,’ says Harry as he gently lets Sarah slip down from his lap. ‘It’s not uninhabited.’ Sarah shoots him a look, as the Vogans move in to make their arrest, and for the time being the story can continue on its way.

We skip to the end of Part 4, to conclude the story with something we never got to see on screen, a TARDIS scene. The Doctor has been summoned back to Earth by the Brigadier, and the readings on the space-time telegraph show that he’s in Scotland. Now Sarah has gone away to change. The Doctor is checking the control panels, watched casually by Harry. He gives Harry a pointed look as he resets the helmic regulator which Harry had altered back in ‘The Ark in Space’. Then his eye lights on notices the controls nearby. His frown deepens as he flicks them back to their proper positions.

‘Did you touch this switch, Harry? The anti-drift compensator?’

‘Well,’ says Harry, ‘er...’

‘The control which keeps the TARDIS from drifting around through time after it makes a landing?’

‘Well, I wouldn’t know,’ begins Harry. ‘Oh, so that’s why the TARDIS wasn’t where it should have been?’

‘Exactly,’ says the Doctor. ‘And somebody, some meddling imbecile, must have switched it off!’

Harry feels awkward, as if he’s about to take the blame because he’s too much of a gentleman to snitch. He takes refuge in a little bluster: ‘Well, that’s no way to talk about...’

‘SARAH!’ yells the Doctor.

Sarah appears in the doorway in her new outfit. She looks unbearably cute in a short tartan kilt, white blouse and knee socks and a tam o’ shanter on her head..

‘Halooo,’ she says in a mock Scots accent to match.

The Doctor gives her a blank look.

‘Well, you did say we were going to Scotland,’ she says. ‘I thought I’d dress for the occasion.’ She looks down pointedly at her outfit, the razor pleats of her little tartan kilt skimming the tops of her pink thighs.

‘I think you’ll find it a bit draughty in the Highlands at this time of the year,’ the Doctor replies. ‘But there’s something that needs to be done before you change into more practical clothes.’

‘Come again?’

‘Harry and I have been discussing the reason the TARDIS drifted back in time after we landed on Nerva, and the importance of the anti-drift compensator’ — he looks her directly in the eye — ‘which *you* so carelessly switched off.’

Sarah’s blood runs cold. ‘I, er, don’t suppose it’d help if I say it was an accident?’ She feels herself being taken by the ear. ‘Doctor, please!’ she says, but then the room rotates around her as she is tipped forward over his lap. In a trice, her skirt is flipped over and her tight, lace-edged panties are her only protection. The Doctor’s pink hand lands squarely across her white-clad bottom, again and again, and she yelps.

The TARDIS spins on through time, carrying the travelers towards their date with the Loch Ness Monster...